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FOOTBALL MEN

DON TOGS FOR HARD SCHEDULE

FORTY-SEVEN CANDIDATES ALREADY REPORTED FOR PRACTICE

Prof. Raymond Will Coach Reserves

This year Hope launches on one of the most difficult schedules in her football history. Five games have been scheduled, four at home and one away so all of the students can look forward to at least four home games. On Nov. 11, Armistice day Kazoo College is playing here and a big celebration is being planned.

That game will be the high light of the season.

So far forty-seven candidates have reported. Although most of them are lacking in experience the number alone is encouraging. New men have come from all parts of the country and between now and the first game they will show what they can do.

Coach Schouten is directing the operations and is being assisted by the find of the season, Prof. Raymond who is going to have charge of the reserve team.

Mr. Schouten has a fair number of old men returning. The following letter men, headed by Captain Damson have either reported or will report in the near future. Fell, Vanden Brink, Kleis, Buys, Vander Hart, Eschbagers, Ver Meulen and Damstra. Other members of last year's squad who look likely are Matt and Bill Peelen, Bovenkirk, Steketee and Japenga.

Although prospects are not bad they could be much better. To build a real team at Hope we need every available man out. It is their DUTY.

Anyway—

WATCH OUR TEAM.

EXCHANGE

The resignation of the athletic coach of York College followed closely upon a ruling of the trustees forbidding faculty members to smoke or dance. The coach is said to be a moderate smoker.

At Antioch College each year the students grade their professors. Only the Dean and the President know the identity of the grader. The students also are given an opportunity to grade one another. They are marked on the following points:

1. Physique bearing, dress, manner.
2. Ability to win assistance of others in student activities.
3. Ability to do things in a new and better way.
4. Ability to make and hold friends, work well with instructors, and students.
5. Good taste, propriety in viewpoint and behavior and attitude toward the opposite sex.
6. Regard for truthful statements; punctuality in keeping promises; reliability in money matters; respect for the property of others.

Each student rates as many of his fellows as he knows. Each year the faculty rates the seniors. These ratings then determine to some extent which students and professors remain at Antioch.

—The New Student.

President Coolidge has expressed his disapproval of hazing college freshmen. Freshmen have enough to do without shining the shoes of seniors and doing other such services.

Buy Your Athletic Ticket

Canvassers are now on the job selling season tickets of the Athletic Association. These tickets give admission to all athletic contests of the year and entitle the owner to the privileges and equipment of the Association. Help athletics by buying your ticket now.

PLANS FOR DEGREE IN MUSIC MATURED

BACHELOR OF MUSIC AND OF ARTS IN SIX YEARS

An innovation that will undoubtedly be greeted with pleasure by all those interested in music is a course offered by the School of Music leading to the Bachelor of Music Degree. A most capable faculty has been secured, consisting of Mr. J. B. Nykerk, secretary; Mr. Oscar Cress, Piano and Harmony; Mrs. Grace Fenton, Voice Culture and Singing and Directress of Glee Clubs; Mrs. Anna Michaelson, Voice; Mr. Harvey Fairbanks, Violin and Director of Orchestra; Mr. George Dok, Pipe Organ; Mr. George La Mere, Cello; and Mr. Dunham of the Grand Rapids Conservatory of Music and very well-known as an organist, Pipe Organ.

Students choosing the course will be required to take a Major Subject consisting of two lesson hours a week with two practice hours a day, for which seven semester hours will be allowed, and a Minor Subject consisting of one lesson hour a week and one practice hour a day for which they will be credited with three and one-half semester hours. Some study of the History of Music, Theory of Music, and Appreciation of Music will be required of all the students, as well as the same amount of religious education as is required in other groups in the College, and Literary and elective requirements. The total number of semester hours required for the degree of Bachelor of Music is 150 hours.

A combined course leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts and of students who complete six years of residence work with at least 90 hours of literary work.

More detailed information concerning the course can be secured of Dr. Nykerk or in the Hope College Bulletin of August, 1925. It is hoped that several students will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity and help make the inauguration a success.

HOPE GRADUATES SAIL FOR JAPAN

Cornelius Dykhuizen and Martin Hoeksma, both graduates of the class of 1925, have embarked on the S. S. "Empress of Russia" and are now on their way to Japan for short term service in the mission field.

Miss Agnes Bulkema, also a member of last year's graduating class, will leave for the Orient October 12, where she will remain for five years in the missionary service of the Reformed churches.

Miss Bulkema recently underwent a serious operation from which she has not entirely recovered. She will leave as soon as her physician pronounces her fit.

DR. J. B. NYKERK ANNOUNCES HOPE LYCEUM COURSE

FOUR ENTERTAINMENTS BOOK-ED FOR THIS YEAR; MUZIO HEADS THE LIST

Opera and Lectures Complete Course

Dr. J. B. Nykerk, head of the department of English, announces the completion of the Hope Lyceum Course program for this year. Dr. Nykerk has secured four high class entertainments for the public this year including Muzio, who has performed before audiences in Paris, Berlin, London and Chicago and is known to be one of the greatest singers in the world.

The first entertainment, which is scheduled for October 13, will be a lecture by Private Peat. He is known to his audiences as a soldier, author and lecturer. This opening entertainment can be looked forward to with eagerness as Private Peat has never failed to please an audience during his career as a lecturer.

The Auburn Opera Company of Chicago has been listed to perform on November 9. A large cast will present Victor Hubert's "Sweetheart". This company is on the seven day Redpath Circuit and their program will be far the best heard here this year.

On November 23, the public will have an opportunity of listening to one of the best soprano voices ever brought to Holland, in the person of Muzio. She is the leading soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera. Muzio is the highest priced concere singer in America today and her concert here will be the only engagement outside of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

The final number will be given December 8, when Rawel, noted Polynesian lecturer and story teller will give an interesting program depicting the South Sea Island life. Dr. Nykerk has surely done everything possible to bring to the Holland public the best program in many years. Although it only comprises four numbers it is the finest ever carded and such persons as Muzio surely are a rare treat.

John Henry Aibers and Jay Wabeke, who are assisting Dr. Nykerk, will have charge of the ticket sale which has just begun. Tickets are available at Huizenga's Jewelry store. Reservation will begin about October 9.

NAUGHTY

We are wondering how wet the water was for a few of our "Frosh" and "Soph" contenders. Wednesday night the water turned green to such an extent when the "Frosh" met the waters, that park authorities had to drain the pond in order to let the fish live. Now we hear that the "Frosh" are experimenting and are throwing "Sophs" in the pond. Not satisfied with these ranks both classes drafted Fords into the "enjoyment" and now "Sophs" and "Frosh" are taking evening outings.

"Shall a woman pay half of the dating expenses?" was the subject of a debate held at the University of California. A similar debate is planned at Stanford University.—The New Student.

Y. W. C. A.

The "Y" girls held the first meeting of the year on Thursday, September 17 at 7 o'clock in the "Y" room. There, big sisters and little sisters found joy in new bonds of relationship. To get acquainted was the purpose of the evening. The president explained the aim and value of "Y" after which a "uke" quartet entertained with music and song. As a special feature frostbites were served on trays, continually replenished. It is now with larger expectations that the Y. W. C. A. looks forward to a year of fruitful labor and happiness.

REGISTRATION IS NEAR THE 500 MARK

FRESHMEN ENROLLMENT OF 160 BELOW LAST YEAR

What is the enrollment so far? Larger than ever. All indications point towards the five hundred mark for the college proper.

The total registration of the Freshmen to-date, remains slightly below their quota in this new record but the probable increase from late-comers will swell this number. Already 160 Freshmen have registered, compared with the 174 of last year's class.

The three other classes have turned in high registration cards. The Sophomores lead with 135, an increase of nearly thirty over last year. The Juniors with 108 and the Seniors with 90 make a total of 493 students, the largest enrollment that Hope has ever experienced.

Last year the enrollment was as follows: Freshmen, 174; Sophomores, 109; Juniors, 90; Seniors, 85. This shows an increase of 35 students this year.

JACOB KIK ELECTED JUNIOR PRESIDENT

Wednesday afternoon the Juniors met in full force and elected Jacob Kik as their leader for the following year. "Bill" Tuttle, runnerup for president, was given the vice-president chair while "Billy" Sprick was elected as class secretary. We are now wondering how it happened that the Juniors choose both Peter Van Ess and Henrietta Beyer for treasurers! Plans were also discussed for giving necessary aid to the publishing of the class annual, the Milestone.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

HOLD FIRST MEETING

- The Sophomore class started things agoing with a rush this year and organized their forces at the start to pit them against those of their rivals.
- Plans were made for a class party and committees were appointed. The officers elected were as follows:
- President—Peter De Rulter.
- Vice-Pres.—Clinton Cole.
- Sec'y.—Edna Cook.
- Treas.—Margaret Boter and William Hughes.
- Julius Schipper was elected Captain of the pull.
- Student council members elected
- last year were Hazel Albers and Robert Ritchie.

STUDENT VOL. HOLD FIRST MEETING

The Student Volunteers for Foreign Missions met last Friday afternoon. The leader, Marion Pennings, gave a fine introductory talk. A helpful discussion followed in which plans were suggested for the year before us. We hope to meet many visitors in our meetings this year. We are looking forward to a big year for Student Volunteers.

DR. F. SHANNON IN OPENING ADDRESS INSPIRES STUDENT

SPEAKS ON FITTING SUBJECT: "THE GODDESS OF TRUE EDUCATION"

First Chapel Service in Carnegie Hall

Inspiring the students and visitors with his eloquent delivery of an inspirational lecture entitled "The Goddess of True Education," Dr. Frederick F. Shannon of Chicago gave the address at the opening Chapel exercises of Hope College held in the Carnegie Gymnasium on Wednesday morning, Sept. 16, 1925.

The chapel services marked the opening of the 1925-26 school year at Hope College.

Dr. Shannon based the thoughts of his talk upon the old Grecian myth of "Atalanta's Race" and stated that just as Atalanta was beautiful so the goddess of true education is beautiful. Along with this thought, the speaker quoted the sentence: "True education is to die learning." He further suggested that a person keeps only that which he has given away in true learning.

In comparison with the myth, Dr. Shannon explained that the goddess of education is hard to win, but the encouragement in the fight is that God has given each one the talents and strength with which one can be victorious.

Stressing that the goddess of true education can be won, the lecturer pointed out that a person has his most perplexing problem when he thinks that his aspiration is too great to win. Further he emphasized that our last war must be won by true education and not by the use of implements of war. The "Golden Apples" with which one is to fight this war were pointed out as: "Good-will, which was defined as "the finely creative power that God has put in the human soul". Enthusiasm, self-respect and religion. Dr. Shannon concluded with the idea that religion in youth is a beautiful thing and in the end is only what "God and you think."

The chapel service was opened with the singing of "The Lord is in His Holy Temple" and "Come Thou Almighty King" under the direction of Dr. J. B. Nykerk. Dr. E. D. Dimnent read the scripture and Dr. A. Pieters led in prayer. The president welcomed the visitors and new students and acted as chairman of the program.

The music for the occasion in the form of a vocal solo by Cornelia Nettinga entitled: "Let My Prayer Come Unto Thy Presence." She was accompanied by Mrs. Bert Brower. The benediction which closed the service, was pronounced by Dr. Shannon.

FRESHMEN ELECT CLASS OFFICIALS

Freshmen spirit ran high the very first day of school. Wednesday afternoon the Freshmen class guided by the Junior elected their first class officers. The class of 1929, the biggest in the history of the college is led by capable and efficient members. The election was as follows:

President—Thomas Van Zanden.
Vice-Pres. Laverne Vander Hill.
Sec'y—Sarah Lacey.
Treas.—Robert Kempers.
Yell Master—Dean Martin.
Thomas Van Zanden was also elected captain of the pull.

THE ANCHOR

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DOES THE HONOR CODE FAIL?

It is hardly the purpose of this column to undermine any of the "institutions" of the campus. Its purpose is even less to give room to the pet ideas of any individual. But to all things there are exceptions—this much in apology for the following, a discussion of the failings of the Honor Code.

In the Honor Code, there is no provision for enforcement. The hint that students seeing cheating shall report the offender, has not proven satisfactory. And when an amendment is offered making it an offense subject to punishment not to report cheating, the student body balks and fails to vote the change. They say its "tattling." The result is that we have a fairly efficient system of legalized cheating. It is everybody's business to report the cheating and nobody does it.

The heart of the situation is this, "Shall it be an offense to fail to report cheating?" One student while not criticizing another for reporting cheating, may very well refuse to report it himself—believing it is little better than "tattling." That is what each student must decide and on that decision hangs much of the usefulness of the Code. Ask yourself, "Shall I report a stranger?" "Yes"; "A Friend?" "Possibly"; "My brother or sister?" "No"; and the Code fails. So far there has not been enough unity of thought in this matter to adequately support an Honor Code.

It would seem that the teachers can much better look after the cheating in their classes. College students should have outgrown this supervision, we hear; but sometimes it looks as if supervision would be helpful. Teachers acting from the impartiality of a higher position can assume this responsibility much more fairly than students.

The purpose of the Honor Code is praiseworthy, but the operation is very intermittent. No democracy can ever legislate honor—honor is not learned from laws.

What good the Honor Code accomplishes, is brot about indirectly. Signing the pledge is an effective reminder to the average student, but a cheater will cheat anyway. Discussions of the Honor Code, which are carried on every year, also serve to crystallize thought against cheating.

No illusions, no sentimental pleas, no evasions; only an affirmative answer to the question "Does the Honor Code help?" should keep this institution on the campus.

NOW YOUR OWN CITY

Regardless of how you learn your college town it will be of advantage to all of your freshmen to get acquainted with it. Your college town should hold almost the same consideration in your mind as your own home town in Iowa, Wisconsin, or any other state. During the next four years Holland, Michigan, will be your place of abode. You will hear about the different industrial organizations of Holland in a way that will make you increase your opinion of this city. You will be writing home to your folks—tell them about Centennial Park, The Warm Friend Tavern, The Holland Furnace Co., and all the other things about Holland.

Holland is a city of which you may well be proud. Its educational system is excelled by none and its people outclass all others.

ALUMNI NEWS

On Tuesday, Sept. 1st, the day before Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Zwemer sailed for Europe, Mr. E. E. Olcott gave the two travelers a farewell luncheon at the Downtown Club, Pine-st., New York City, when a group of friends gathered to say good-bye and wish the travelers God-speed. Dr. Zwemer told of his recent trip to South Africa, and some of his experiences. He went as far north as the railway goes, and then took a cart and traveled 180 miles further, in order to see some of the outposts of the missionary work. He told of the inroads of Islam among the tribes, and also of the work of the Christian missionaries. Upon arrival in Europe Dr. and Mrs. Zwemer expect to go at once to Copenhagen, where, under the auspices of the Swedish Missionary Society and the Scandinavian churches, they will visit several cities and universities, including Christiania and Stockholm, on their way to Cairo. Dr. Zwemer is to address the universities at Copenhagen, Lund, Gothenberg, Oslo, and Upsala. Both Dr. and Mrs. Zwemer are to speak at the triennial conference of the Northern Missionary convention, which includes all the Scandinavian countries. Among those who said good-bye to the travelers at Mr. Olcott's luncheon were: Dr. Wm. I. Chamberlain, Rev. Delavan Pierson, of the Missionary Review of the World, Mr. F. M. Porter, Rev. John Warnshuis, Dr. A. L. Warnshuis, Mrs. Walter C. Roe and Rev. James Boyd Hunter—Christian Intelligencer.

Rev. and Mrs. William Pyle, Hollandale, Minnesota, announce the birth of a daughter.

Hope has six representatives in the Junior class of Western Seminary. They are: Rensie Dystra, James Ottipoby, Jacob Blaauw, Jack Hogenboom, Jack Veltman and Anton Shermer, all of the class of 1925.

Ray Van Zoeren and Elmer Van Lare will enter the Presbyterian Seminary at Louisville, Ky. Gerrit Wesselink has been enrolled in the Harvard Law School. Adrian De Boom will continue his work in History and International Law at Harvard and John Henry Meengs will do postgraduate work at the Harvard Divinity School. Fred Jonkman leaves to take up science work at Yale.

Miss Henrietta Kelzer has embarked from San Francisco, on her way to Japan where she will teach music in

The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
—Longfellow.

Campusology

THE SCENE UNWINDS

Well, life's started on the campus and all we have to do now it keep going. Vacation was like a cut in the film and now the scene continues to unwind itself. If we did not know that there had been a stop we could tell no difference. We are being implored once more to buy lecture course tickets, athletic tickets, Anchor subscriptions and books. Our fair ceds with receipt book and fountain pen (and smile) stand ready to strip from us our summer's shekels. Sept. 15 resumes dates where June broke them off and substituted postage stamps. Only a slight feeling of decrepitude in our Seniors, and our exuberant crop of young Frosh shows that a new year has begun.

Did I say only? Pay a call on the young ladies and observe their glorified surroundings. Not even homesick tears can do away with the cheery atmosphere. A new voice holds forth in the history room and some one else's clever fingers evoke melody from our piano. Then too the scissors have been busy during vacation. Where are the fair tresses of yesterday? Prim, sleek heads shorn of entanglements are the rule of the day.

There is a woeful feeling of irreparable loss when we think of our past years' seniors and glee clubs, but irreparable things have a habit of re-

pairing themselves at Hope. Our Frosh at least make a bright lived bow of promise.

Pep introduces itself by spontaneous combustion. Fragments of talk about the Pull and green caps and ribbons, and threats of Soph vengeance come from every open door and window. The sunshine of opening day has cleared away the homesick tears. Frosh still twiddle their fingers for they have not yet felt the wrath of the emighty Sophs, but "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." To be sure there is not yet much talk of books and studying, but who is planning at this stage to let study interfere with their college education? The solemn parade of the faculty every morning will remind us that there are such things as books, but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Our phalanx of never-say-die Fords again guards the campus. The one hoss shay no longer appears a miracle. Ford out-deacons the deacon.

Well, our campus is all dressed up and so are our buildings. We still have money in our pockets and nothing to worry about yet.

Hail, Hail, the gang's all here—so why worry?

"There's a little secret,
Worth its weight in gold,
Easy to remember,
Easy to be told,
Changed into blessing
Every curse we meet,
Turning hell to heaven,
This is all, keep sweet."

MILESTONE MINTS

As in the days of old mints were used to keep children awake in church so we intend to use "Milestone Mints" at Hope to keep you awake to the fact that Hope has an Annual in the making.

Of all the good business men in town Mr. Lacey has the most taking ways. He'll take your picture. So will the Milestone photography editor, Matthew Peelen, as soon as you hand them in. Watch the bulletin board for further reports in regard to how many glossy prints you will have to order.

The man's whole life precludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
Or with the unmotivated herd that only sleep and feed.—Lowell.

FOR YOUR NEXT HAIR CUT OR SHAVE

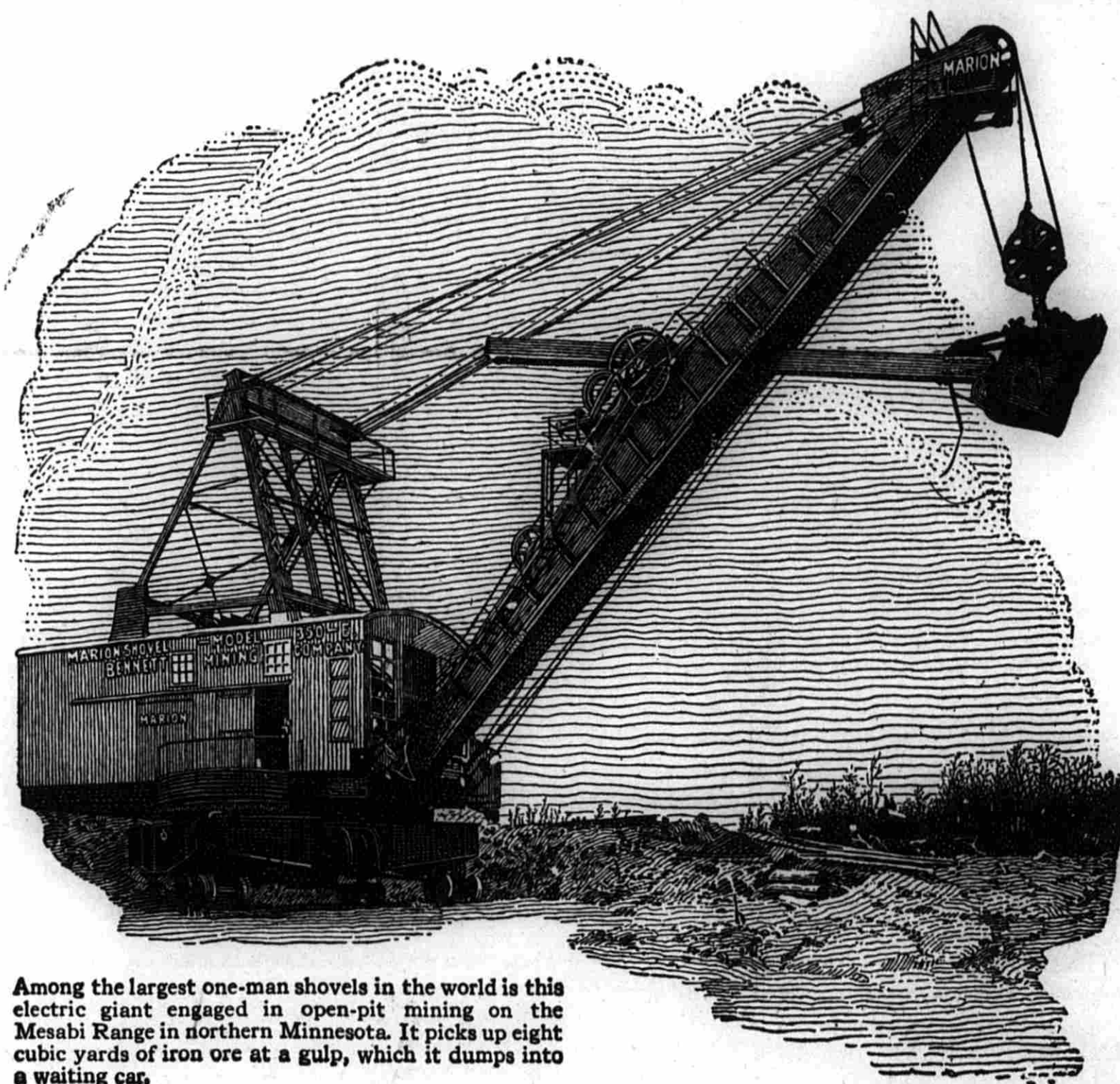
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Among the largest one-man shovels in the world is this electric giant engaged in open-pit mining on the Mesabi Range in northern Minnesota. It picks up eight cubic yards of iron ore at a gulp, which it dumps into a waiting car.

A day's work in a minute

Mesabi Range, renowned iron ore deposit, is yielding its mineral wealth at the rate of 16 tons for every bite of an electric scoop.

A man with a shovel would work a whole day to mine and load eight cubic yards of iron ore which this 300-ton electric giant moves in one minute.

Of course, all mining is not done on the surface. But there are many mines in which electricity has changed our conception of mining operations. Wires, penetrating even to the deepest shafts and galleries, have brought light, power, ventilation and added safety to those who must work in the very bowels of the earth.

Electricity's contribution to mining may be of particular interest to the student of mining engineering, but it is of general interest to all college men as still another example of how electricity is simplifying the world's work.



In every branch of mining operations G-E equipment is very much in evidence. And there are engineers of the General Electric Company especially assigned to mining problems and requirements, just as there are others specializing in all major applications of electricity.

A new series of G-E advertisements showing what electricity is doing in many fields will be sent on request. Ask for booklet GEK-1.

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STUDENTS!

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Real Shop

Warm Friend Tavern
Barber Shop

Scribbler's Column

THE PENITENT THIEF

The early morning sun was shining clear and bright on a little town in New England. Everywhere the dew-drops glistened on the heavily laden grass and leaves. Eileen Marie had just been awakened by a call from her mother.

"What is it, Mother," she answered sleepily. "You have misplaced the silverware again". "No, mother, I put it in the buffet drawer last night after Walter left".

Her mother looked all over for the only good set of silverware they possessed. Whenever Walter called Ellen insisted upon using it at luncheon. Mrs. Everly was always invited by her daughter to join the happy pair. She was a brilliant woman, and Ellen was always proud of her in company. They had been wealthy once, but Mr. Everly had failed in business and lost nearly all his money, and had died soon after. Mrs. Everly and her daughter had been forced to sell their beautiful home and buy a small cottage. But skillful and willing hands had transformed the bare cottage into a pretty dwelling and the little garden was an arbor of loveliness. Ellen Marie had succeeded in obtaining a position as stenographer and thus she managed to earn a living for her mother and herself. In the same office was a young man, Walter Brighton, who some day expected to become junior partner in the Brown & Kirby Real Estate business. Walter had immediately taken a fancy to Ellen and a close friendship sprang up between them. Walter had no parents; he had been left an orphan at ten, and the gentle-mannered Mrs. Everly felt as a mother toward him. So it was that he spent many happy hours at her home.

All was confusion at the Everly home. The silver was nowhere to be found. With a heavy heart Ellen went to her work, but she did not mention the incident at the office.

A few evenings later Walter called again. He had brought some books from the office, which he wished Ellen to help him straighten up. Mrs. Everly served tea instead of luncheon. A pained expression passed over Ellen's face, but she said nothing. As Walter knew nothing of the incident she did not wish to mar the pleasure of the evening by telling him.

The following morning as she was about to go to work she discovered that her wrist-watch was not in its usual place in the bookcase. She reflected a moment. She had knocked it against the arm of a chair and had broken the crystal, removed it and placed it in the bookcase. No one but Walter had seen her put it there. Here was certainly a mystery. She went to work without telling her mother.

The next day was Sunday. She and Walter went to church in the evening and later for a walk. Ellen was moody and silent. Walter led her to a bench in the garden, hoping to rouse her to her usual cheerfulness. He finally thought that the work was too much for her, since her mother was frequently ill and most of the hard work fell to Ellen's lot. Before they went in a diamond sparkled on her finger.

After Walter left Ellen went to her mother's room and told her how happy she was. Now she had a right to ask Walter to help her. She then burst into tears and told her mother about the stolen wristwatch, her Christmas present from her mother. She had longed to tell Walter about it, but hesitated. She did not want him to know that she had been a victim of theft.

Her mother always kept their spare change in a little leather bag, and ever since the night the silverware had been stolen she had kept it in the piano bench, an unusual place for thieves to look, she thought.

She told no one of this. The next morning it too was gone.

Bursting into tears she told Ellen about it. Ellen thought a moment. She had played the piano the evening before and Walter had accompanied on the violin. She had opened the bench to get a sheet of music. She had seen a bit of leather protruding from under the paper, but it had not occurred to her that it was the little money bag. Her mother and she were the only ones who could possibly know. It may be that Walter had seen it there, but—Suddenly a terrible thought struck her—Could Walter be the thief? It was after each of his visits that the articles had been missed. But it couldn't be. He was not that kind of boy. Still it happened that he knew where the articles had been placed. He knew the silver belonged in the buffet drawer. He had seen her put her watch in the bookcase. Perhaps he had seen the money bag. All evidences certainly pointed toward him as the guilty one. A feeling of horror came over her. Perhaps the very ring he had placed on her hand had been stolen from someone else. She could detect no signs of wear on it, but then, it might have been stolen from a jewelry store. She resolved she would ask him to call that night, and she would return the ring to him at the door and dismiss him. No—why should she make it any harder for him when he would be caught? If she kept it he, at least, would not have it to increase the evidence against him; she herself could forgive him, but would others? He must not come again—that was certain. Still, if he were innocent he would demand an explanation. It was too much for Ellen's nerves to bear. She fainted and for two weeks she raved in delirium. No one was admitted into the sick-room, although many came to inquire, for they missed the cheery smile and sunny disposition of their friend. Not even Walter was permitted to enter. Every day he came, hope shining in his eyes, and every day he was met with "Not any better," and despair again settled on his face. Within the sick-room Ellen lay, her face a deathly white, her lips blackened by the continuous fever. She tossed to and fro, one minute calling softly: "Walter, Walter! Why does he not come?" and the next moment shrieking wildly: "He must not come, he must not come!"

At last the fever subsided and she lay pale and weak. Slowly she gained in strength and after many weary days she was able to be up again. But she wished to see no one, not even Walter. He could not imagine why she refused to see him. It certainly could be no fault of his for he truly loved her and thought only of her happiness. He recalled the several occasions when she had been so quiet and sorrowful, and he regretted now that he had not demanded a reason.

Her mother often sat with her and told her of the frequent visits he had attempted to make, and she told her that she ought no longer refuse to see him. But Ellen only sighed. Her mother, thinking to rouse her interest, told her of a young man who had come every day to ask how she was. He was hardly over twenty-one years of age, she judged. Ellen could think of no one of their acquaintances whom her mother did not know, so she could not help but wonder who the boy could have been.

Daily she grew stronger and daily her desire to see Walter became greater. He had stopped calling and she dared not ask him to come. They had missed no more property since her illness; only the pain lingered in her heart. She could not dismiss the thought that Walter was the thief. Again she thought how greatly she was wronging him if he were innocent.

One day a messenger boy brought her a registered letter. She hastily opened it and read: "Come at once

to room 111, Hospital St. Maria. I am dying." It was signed, "A friend." She hastened to her mother with the mysterious note and then to the hospital. In room 111 lay a lad of about twenty-one. Ellen immediately thought of the boy her mother had spoken of. In a weak voice he said: "Sit down, Miss Everly. I have much to tell you before my strength fails. You will hate me before I get through, but try to forgive me. I only ask you to try. Your friend, Mr. Brighton, and I both applied for the same position at Brown & Kirby, and Mr. Brighton, proving the better salesman of the two, was accepted. I have a jealous nature and vowed that I would have revenge. I discovered on what evenings he called on you. Twice I followed him at a distance and when you were in the house I managed to see what was going on. I marked my opportunities. Here is your silver-ware, your watch and your money." He produced a bag from the cover and handed it to her. Ellen had burst into tears but the boy continued: "I saw where you put the silver-ware and also the watch the next time. I had a skeleton key, and I took the things not because I wanted them, but I knew Mr. Brighton would be suspected. The next time I did not see anything, so in order to further my plan, I had to look for something. Mere chance, I suppose, made me open that bench. But I founded what I wanted, another evidence against my enemy. That night I stepped on a nail and hurt my foot. I neglected it and blood poisoning set in. Now it is too late—it's all through my system and I must die. Do not weep for me, Miss Everly. I deserve my fate. No, Mr. Brighton does not need to be forgiven; but me Miss Everly, can you forgive me?" He raised up slightly in his eagerness and put out his hand. With the other hand he pressed a button. She took his hand said, "Yes, I fully forgive you" just as Walter stepped softly into the room. The boy fell back exhausted but a smile of triumph brightened up his face. A few seconds later he died. Ellen turned her face from the sleeper and met Walter's earnest gaze. "He has told me all, dear, and I forgive you," he murmured as he led her from the room.

—Regina Buss, '28.

—THE—

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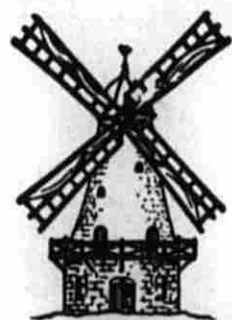
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Freshmen: Read thoroughly and with understanding. The few selections below are offered as a specimen page of a little book which we have in course of preparation.

Every man has somewhere in the back of his head the wreck of a thing which he calls his education. Our book is intended to embody in concise form these remnants of early instruction, an education when it is all written out on foolscap, covers nearly ten sheets. It takes about six years of severe college training to acquire it. Even then a man often finds that he somehow hasn't got his education just where he can put his thumb on it. When our little book of eight or ten pages has appeared, every body may carry his education in his hip pocket.

Those who have not had the advantage of an early training will be enabled, by a few hours of conscientious application, to put themselves on an equal footing with the most scholarly.

The selections are chosen entirely at random.

I—Remains of History

Oysters:—A fabulous race, half man, half horse, half mound-bulder. They flourish at about the same time as the early calithwmysens. They have left some awfully stupendous monuments of themselves somewhere.

Life of Caesar:—A famous Roman general, the last who ever landed in Britain without being stopped at the custom house. On returning to his Sabine farm (to fetch something), he was stabbed by Brutus, and died with the words "Venl, v'sti, tekell, uphar-sion" in his throat. The jury returned a verdict of strangulation.

Life of Votaire:—A Frenchman very bitter.

Life of Schopenhauer: a German; very deep; but it was not really noticeable when he sat down.

Life of Dante:—An Italian, the first to introduce the banana and the class of street organ known as "Dante's Inferno."

Peter, the Great; Alfred the Great; Frederick, the Great, John, the Great; Tom, the Great; Jim, the Great Jo, the Great, Etc. Etc.

It is impossible for a busy man to keep these apart. They sought a living as kings and pugilists and apostles and so on.

II—Remains of Natural Science

Natural Science treats of motion and force. Many of its teachings remain as part of an educated man's permanent equipment in life.

(a) The harder you shove a bicycle the faster it will go. This is because of natural science.

(b) If you fell from a high tower, you fall quicker and quicker and quicker; a judicious selection of towers will ensure any rate of speed.

(c) If you put your thumb in between two cogs it will go on and on, until the wheels are arrested, by your suspenders. This is machinery.

(d) Electricity is of two kinds, positive and negative. The difference is, I presume, that one kind comes a little more expensive, but is more durable; the other is a cheaper thing, but the moths get into it.

Hughes must be homesick for he has installed a red light in his room.

This is old news but it concerns something new. It's Hinkamp's old story.

Frank Hinkamp was seated in the spoonholder when a fellow Senior, who noticed with what longing eyes Frank looked over the new crop, remarked: "Well, brother, keeping up your tradition this year? About time for a change isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Kid Cupid, "I think I'll change my old touring for a new 'sport model.'"



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